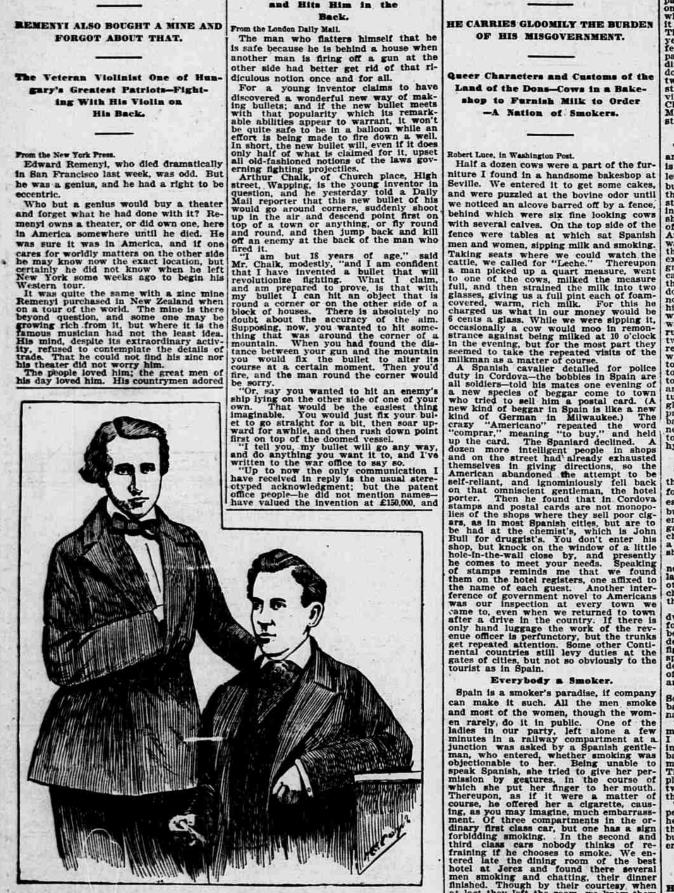
FORGOT HIS THEATER IT BEATS THE BOOMERANG.

BENENYI ALSO BOUGHT A MINE AND From the London Daily Mail.

FORGOT ABOUT THAT.

The man who flatters himself that he have when



REMENYI AND JOHANNES BRAHMS. m a photograph taken in 1850. Brahms, who is standing, was then wholly unknown.

him, and his adopted country honored him. What more could he ask for? Business? He would shrug his shoulders and talk of painters and musicians and men of letters.

One of Hungary's Saints.

Although over the world generally Remenyl is known as a violinist and a composer, in his native country, Hungary, his name will be cherished as that of a patriot above all things, and his portrait side by side with Gyorgyel's, the leader of the rebellion of 1848, may be seen in every Hungarian home. He enlisted as a private under Gyorgyel at the age of 17, a year after he had been appointed violin soloist to Queen Victoria. He fought like a demon all through the war and played like an angel. His fiddle was as near him as his carbibe, and when one was not at work the other was. His Hungarian airs did more

all through the war and played like an angel. His fiddle was as near him as his carbone, and there are no many the spirit of his comrades. Had Russia not lintervened on behalf of Austria the fiddler might have wen the day. Remenyi could not forgive the Bear, and never afterward set foot on Russian soil nor played for a Russian audience.

Had Russian had the first appeared him from London, was enhanced by his performances on his precious instrument, and the soilders begged Gyorgyei to keep him out of danger. His life was too high a price to pay, they said, for one more dead soilder. So, on the eve of the first battle Gyorgyei looked Remenyi up, fiddle and all. A few hours beyon, and Gyorgyei was right.

In 1860 Remenyi took advantage of the other had an and the soil of the soi

ithe finest statue in the Hungarian capital. The remainder of the \$50.00 went to help old friends who had not fared well financially since the ending of the revolution. Many a loan had Richard Wagner from the violinist, who understood "the music of the future" as well as he loved the master that produced it.

When Remenyl returned again to Hungary, in 1880, his tour was a triumphal progress. His wife was with him, Gazelia de Fay de Taj, the daughter of one of the oldest Hungarian houses, and his children, Adrienne and Tibor, twins. The officials of each town along the route met the train at the gayly decorated station, the military were drawn up at present arms and the old musician had to make the people a speech. At Ofen over 5:000 troops received him and escorted him to his quarters as the nation's guest along thorous/fares in which clouds of banners almost hid the sky, while the crowds cheered for the patriotic musician.

As he rode along in state, the idol of his countrymen, he smiled and thought of the days, which to him seemed not so very long ago, when he had all his life before him and was full of the hope of farme and free dom-freedom first. Then he was teaching the violin for 10 cents a lesson and was happy if he taught two lessons in one day. Since then fame had come in great abundance, but the freedom he had longed for was still beyond. His children—not hemight see it.

Wanted to Play Leapfrog.

Remenyl often told with a merry chuckle the story of his first appearance in Kengratian spiles of the story of his first appearance in Kengratian spiles and he cost of transportation is such that foreign coal is used almost exclusively in all of the seaport towns. Fully she had the cost of transportation is such that foreign coal is used almost exclusively in all of the seaport towns. Fully she yet almost increase and Suez canal. While a small tonnage comes from Belgium and small tonnage comes from Belgium and spile to the microsome to the m

the story of his first appearance in Kensington Gardens to play before the queen. Prince Albert Edward was there, then but a child in kilts, and he introduced himself to the young virtuoso by jumping over his shoulders and demanding a game of leapfrog.

Remenyl was taken by surprise by the unexpected onslaught, and before a game could be arranged the royal mother interposed by a command that the prince apologize for the liberty he had taken, which he did eventually most humbly. Then the arrises forced a back, and his highness went over with a gleeful bound and rolled his dumpling body on the sod in high delight.

Listening to the grinding of the carwheels as he lay in his berth on his way west one morning Remenyl composed his anthem to Oid Glory, for which Colonel Ingersoll wrote a refrain.

A Bullet That Jumps Over a Man and Hits Him in the Back.

HE CARRIES GLOOMILY THE BURDEN

OF HIS MISGOVERNMENT.

Spain is a smoker's paradise, if company can make it such. All the men smoke Spain is a smoker's paradise, if company can make it such. All the men smoke and most of the women, though the women rarely, do it in public. One of the ladles in our party, left alone a few minutes in a railway compartment at a junction was asked by a Spanish gentleman, who entered, whether smoking was objectionable to her. Being unable to speak Spanish, she tried to give her permission by geatures, in the course of which she put her finger to her mouth. Thereupon, as if it were a matter of course, he offered her a clgarette, causing, as you may imagine, much embarrassment. Of three compartments in the ordinary first class car, but one has a sign forbidding smoking. In the second and third class cars nobody thinks of refraining if he chooses to smoke. We entered late the dining room of the best hotel at Jerez and found there several men smoking and chatting, their dinner finished. Though by their courtesy when at last they left the room, we knew them to be Spanish gentlemen of social standing, it had not occurred to them to lay aside their cigars. The barber at Seville smoked while shaving a smoking patron. The ushers smoked cigarettes in a Seville smoked while shaving a smoking a cigarette. And we found a priest smoking in cathedral.

Sunday in Spain is a holiday, not a holy day. The cock fights take place on Sunday afternoons. The Spanish sport winds up the day by going to the theater in the evening. Religion appears no great burden. Intolerance and bigotry, so long and so justly brought to mind whenever Spain was mentioned, look to the casual observer no longer the chief crime of this

the Alhambra, the glorious Gate of Justice, erected by the Moors in 1348, is illuminated by a gas light. At Ronda, in the tremendous gorge where you look down from the bridge nearly 300 feet to the cataract below, an electric light station is seen clinging to the wall of the chasm. In the parlor of the hotel in this country village of benighted Spain, we found a plane in good condition, and among the papers on the table was the San Francisco Argonaut.

When we drove out from Seville three olive brown boys not more than 10 years old pluckily kept up with our barouche for a quarter of a mile from the hovels known as Italica to the well preserved Roman amphitheater. We named them Trajan, Hadrian and Theodosius, for they showed persistence enough to make them also emperors like their three forerunners who went out from here to rule the Roman world. One lad tried for an hour to sell us a verdigris-covered coin; a second vied with him in offering a bunch of flowers; the third, most Roman of them all, fiercely demanded money without any return. Nothing remains of the powerful city founded by Sciplo Africanus save its arena, where you still see the bath for the gladiators, the tunnels giving access to the seats, and the seats themselves, plentiful enough for many thousand spectators. A donkey grazed on the turf of the upper tier, a dog gamboled among the mounds and herds of ugly black pigs roamed about the walls where once sat Trajan, Hadrian and Theodosius, destined to rule more men and more lands than Napoleon played with when at the height of his power. Doubtless they hooked Jack to go to the show, sneaked in past the gatekeeper, or crawled through the fence. Very likely they sold flowers or old coins to get spending money. But they couldn't run any faster or laugh more mischievously or look more picturesque than the boys of Italica to-day.

Wine That is Wine.

If you know that "j" in Spanish is pro-

Wine That Is Wine.

If you know that "j" in Spanish is pronounced like "h" in English you will understand how "Jerex wine" got Anglicized into "sherry wine." Though Bologna sausage may be made in Cincinnati and most Panama hats never saw Panama, all trus sherry comes from Jeres, for nowhere else is found the peculiar soil to give the genuine sherry flavor. As the Jerez district can produce but a small fraction of the liquid soid under the name of "sherry," there is but one inference—that most of it is fraudulent. The fact is that it is next to impossible in this country to buy real sherry unless it bears the seal of some Jerez house. But much of the article of commerce that does not confess it is of American origin contains more or less of the real thing mixed with other wine to give it the sherry taste. The winemakers at Jerez are glad of the chance to convince Americans of these facts, and so it is with pleasure that they take visitors through the bodegas, the wine cellars, which are not cellars at all, but large warehouses above ground. Our courteous guide, speaking English admirably, asked If you know that "j" in Spanish is pro-

if we had breakfasted, in which case we could sample the wines with impunity. He was right, for innumerable sips produced no effect but rare delight to the palate. We tasted it at all stages, from one year to a hundred years old. It is best when about thirty years along; after that it begins to get syrupy by evaporation. The flavor of the vintages varies from year to year, though the inscrutable effect of the different seasons, and it is partly by the mixture of vintages that different brands are produced. We saw a dozen huge hogsheads named after the twelve apostles. In the center was one still more enormous, made to honor the visit of a Spanish queen and named "Jesus Christ." They saw no irreverance in that. Many a boy is named "Jesus," and "Jesus streets" are frequent.

Landing at Cadiz.

Landing at Cadis.

The papers aver it would be hard for an American fleet to bombard Cadiz, as it is surrounded by dangerous shoals and Half a dozen cows were a part of the furin fiture I found in a handsome bakesbop at
Seville. We entered it to get some cakes,
and were puzzled at the bovine odor until
we noticed an alcove barred off by a fence,
behind which were six fine looking cows
with several calves. On the top side of the
fence were tables at which sat Spanish
men and women, sipping milk and smoking.
Taking seats where we could watch the
totatile, we called for "Leche." Thereupon
a man picked up a quart measure, went
to one of the cows, milked the measure
it one of the cows, milked the measure
to one of the cows, milked t ledges. How that may be, I don't know,

Stray Oddities. Tickets for the theaters at Seville had three coupons, for three consecutive per-formances of about an hour and a quarter formances of about an nour and a quarter each, by the same company. You could buy one coupon, two or three. The audience at the first performance, which began early in the evening, contained many children; newcomers for the second were a jollier set; and by the time the third show came on, the place was merry indeed. The tables of hotels, particularly those not much frequented by foreigners, are laden with sweetmeats, fruits, cheese and other viands that serve for "filling." The chocolate served in the morning is almost thick enough to eat with a spoon.

At Ronda I met an Englishman who had dwelt thereabouts for many years—a buyer for some English house, I think. He had become so well acclimated that he undertook to defend and even praise buil fighting. He told me that the love for the sport is gradually working across the border into France, and that the attempts of the French government to suppress it are not very vigorous.

The millinery trade must languish in Southern Spain. Most of the women go bareheaded, or use only lace for head ornament.

There are almost as many kinds of clieach, by the same company. You could

bareheaded, or use only lace for head ornament.

There are almost as many kinds of climate as in the United States. In January
I picked oranges and lemons from tres
in Southern Spain, but there were snowbanks at Madrid. It is the altitude that
makes the differences, not the latitude.
The middle of the country is a high, bleak
plateau. Granada is on a fertile plain between mountains so high that in summer
they furnish ice to the city.

The Spaniards impress one as a serious
people, less volatile than the French, less
heavy than the Germans, less active than
the Americans. They carry gloomliy the
burden of centuries of oppression, misgovernment and superstition.

NOT AFRAID OF ANY HORSE.

Conquered a Savage Animal.

It is the boast of Miss Margaret Parnell Stewart of Bordentown, N. J., that she never saw a horse she could not master. Innumerable stories are told of her marvelous control over the most vicious animale of her hairbreadth escapes and dar ing feats in the saddle. Her equestrian fame reached the ears of a wealthy New Yorker who owns a splendid thorough-bred which, because of its numerous and vicious attacks on women and girls, had come to be known as the woman hater.

te day by going to the theater in the evening. Religion appears no great burden. Intolerance and bigotry, so long and so justily brought to only demenser in the control of the clergy than is to be seen in English cathedral towns. Friests are nowhere near so prevalems as the common of the interest of the clergy than is to be seen in English cathedral towns. Friests are nowhere near so prevalems as the common of the interest of the control of the clergy than is to be seen in English cathedral towns. Friests are nowhere near so prevalems as the common of the interest of the control of the clergy than it is to be seen in English cathedral towns. Friests are nowhere near so prevalems as the common of the interest of the control of the c

SYMPATHIZE WITH ZOLA. Prominent English Women Express

Admiration for His Unselfish Courage. A number of prominent English women-

authors, actors, reformers and others not in public life—have appended their names to the following letter, which they have

in public life—have appended their names to the following letter, which they have sent to M. Zola:

"Sir: We, the undersigned, women of England, desire to give voice to the well nigh universal feeling in this country concerning the noble and disinterested part you have taken in the cause of justice and the position in which you are now placed. We wish to express our deep sympathy with you at the unjust penalty you are asked to pay for fearless utterance of what you believe to be the truth. We sincerely admire the noble courage, self-sacrifice and disinterested sincerity you have displayed in a most unequal struggle. At the same time we feel convinced that your powerful and clear intellect will find some way of overcoming the apparently insurmountable difficulties, and that you will be able to continue, while all the world looks on in admiration, the noble work you have commenced. This we can say without any bitterness against France, since we feel morally certain that the good sense of your fellow-countrymen will reassert itself, when the clouds of passion and prejudice now blinding them have passed away. Then they will recognize, as we do now, that you have been fighting, almost single-handed, not only as the champlon of justice and of a reasonable regard for the discovery of truth, but also on behalf of the honor of France."

Among the signers are "Edna Lyali," "Baraddon, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Fanny Davies, Miss Campbell Lang, president of the Women's International Progressive Union; Mile. Adrienne Negele, president of the Women's International Progressive Union; Mile. Adrienne Negele, president of the Women's International Progressive Union; Mile. Adrienne Negele, president of the Women's International Progressive Union; Mile. Adrienne Negele, president of the Women's International Progressive Union; Mile. Adrienne Negele, president of the Women's Union; Miles, Adrienne Negele, president of the Women's International Progressive Union; Miles Adrienne Negele, president of the Women's International Progressive Unio

Multitudinous.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"There is only one thing in this country thicker than soldiers just now."

"What is it?"

"Eumors."

YOUNG AMERICAN WOMAN. She Has Scaled the Highest Peaks

Ever Reached by Man-Climbed Nine Mountains in One Day

RECORD HELD BY MISS ANNA PECK.

-Her Experiences.

From the New York Herald. Miss Annie Peck is a young American woman who has distinguished herself by climbing the most difficult mountains ever pressed by foot of human being. She has stood on the summit of the Matterhorn and waved a greeting to her friends who were watching through a telescope 14,000 feet below. From the dizzy heights of Mount Orizaba she has plunged down through snow and ashes, one hand grasping her ice ax, the other arm clasped by a guide.

a guide.

Miss Peck climbed the nine peaks of the Presidential range all in one day last autumn—a feat which for endurance and pluck has never been equaled. However, she deesn't talk about "climbing" the White mountains. She "climbed" Orizaba, 18,600 feet high, but she just "walked up" Mount Madison, a trifling ascent of 5,000 feet above sea level!

Born With Love for Climbing. Miss Peck, I understand, was born with a love for climbing. When a child, she tells me, she never could look upon a precipice without figuring out in her mind how it



MISS PECK IN CLIMBING COSTUME.

could best be surmounted. For years she has been an enthusiastic climber, and she knows all the delights of mountaineering. When studying at Athens she ascended Hymettus and Pentelicus. Later, during a trip through California, she rode 4,000 feet up to the snow line of Mount Shasta and then climbed the remaining 14,000 feet to the summit. This ascent was said to be the first ever performed by a woman. It was her first big mountain and she laughingly tells how when part of the way up she was seized with "mountain illness" for the first and only time in her experience. It didn't last long, however. Her brother, who accompanied her on this trip, wrote home later:

"The first third of the way Annie grunted and groaned and it seemed as if she would be left behind, but the last third it was the other way."

Tired Out Her Brother.

Tired Out Her Brother.

more than satisfied with having waited.

"It costs \$50 to climb the Matterhorn, for one requires two guides. I wore canvas bloomers, thick shoes—an additional heavy layer of leather had been laid on both sides and the sole by the village shoemaker—a heavy sweater, a mountain sombrero, with strong cord fastenings, and a black woolen face hood, fastened to the back in case of a storm.

"The first guide went ahead, lantern and ice ax in hand, and with a rope nearly an inch in diameter tightly knotted around his waist. He had a coil of two thrown over his shoulder and held the end toward me in his left hand. In the middle of the rope a slip knot had been formed and pulled fast around my waist, while the second guide, at the end of the rope, brought up the rear. The distance was about thirty feet between each of us.

"I carried an ice ax, which I found made an admirable substitute for the ordinary alpenstock.

"Nothing could be more exciting than the scenes connected with the ascent of great mountains. The preparations, even, are sufficient to rouse one to a pitch of excitement.

"The first part of the tramp was not at all trying and we reached the mountain hut at the foot of the Matterhorn about 6 o'clock in the evening. There we were to have dinner and rest until 3 o'clock in the morning.

"We found that several others had ar-

o'clock in the evening. There we were to have dinner and rest until 3 o'clock in the morning.

"We found that several others had arrived before us, which meant that the limited accommodations rendered sleep or comfort impossible.

"Several figures were clearly outlined against the summer sky, which proved to be two ladies and their guides, who a little later arrived at the hut, where they paused a few moments on their way down to the Schwarzsee hotel. One of these ladies, with whom I spoke a word or two, met her death the following week as she was crossing the Trift Joich, a mass of rock suddenly falling from the cliff above and striking her on the head.

"The night in the hut was one never to be forgotten. We disposed ourselves on the floor in a row; in one corner the three ladies, then the men. There were eight of us, and the hut was very small, so we had each to recline upon our side, which probably accounted for the little snoring heard during the night.

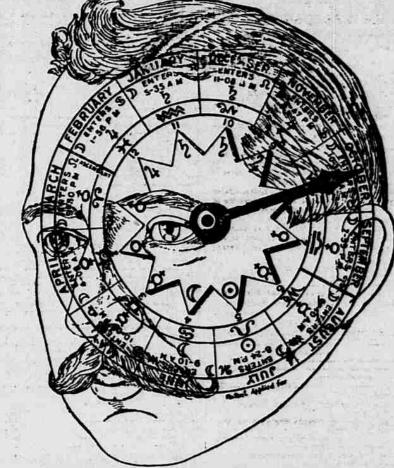
"Just as we subsided into quiet a new-comer arrived. It was absolutely impossible to make a place in the row, so he took his position across the foot of the shelf.

Early Merning Start.

Early Morning Start.

"By early candielight we were off next morning. The path led over rough rocks with occasional patches of snow. For a short distance we walked in the starlight

MOUNTAIN CLIMBER The Dial of Fortune on a \$2,000,000 Face



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foot and hand hold in the so-called 'chimneys.'

"Only once did I fail to find a projection that I might grasp with my hands, when my guide promptly told me to take hold of the rope, which he held firmly. This I did, and in a noment I was at his side. In all places of especial difficulty the guide scrambled up before me, and when he was firmly fixed I made my way up after, while he held the rope tight and hauled it in as I advanced.

"Then we both would pause for the guide in the rear to follow, the first one grasping the rope behind me, so that if the rear guide should slip the pull would not drag me off my feet, but come upon the strong arm of the guide.

Chance for Long Slides.

"I made no slip where it was of any consequence.

"After climbing the Matterhors I thought I would do something worth talking about, so I went to Mexico. Tocola I climbed on horseback. That was nothing—only a good preparation to get accustomed to the guide when I saked Miss Peck was my record breaker."

When I asked Miss Peck what her next feat would be, she replied, smiling, "Wait and see."

"The Hell Mit Everydings."

"Among the many amusing incidents."

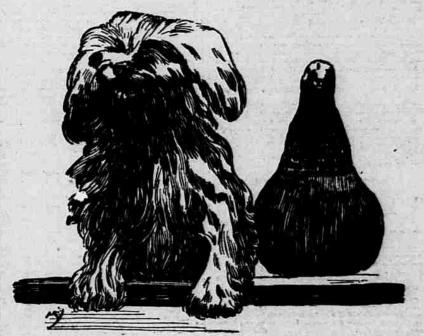
on the glacier, the great cliffs of the Matterhorn towering on our right. We found nothing in the least alarming, though possibly some persons might call it so, to be able to look down upon either side for a distance of several thousand feet at angles varying from forty to seventy or eighty degrees.

"The grade, too, was rather steep; sometimes perpendicular. But the rocks were times perpendicular. But the rocks were tregular, and there was usually a fair foot and hand hold in the so-called 'chimaneys.'

Thread Out Her Brother.

The latter part of the climb it was he brother who lagged behind, and just be fore she reached the top he sank down exhausted. He was all right, only so tred that he was obliged to stop and rest between the complete of the part of the legal of th

A HEN WITH A HUMAN FACE.



A full grown Plymouth Rock hen with a well developed human face is a freak be-longing to Louis Lang, of No. 187 Bloom-

It does not cackle as other hens

field avenue, Montelair, N. J. The "manfaced" fowl, as it is known, is attracting
considerable attention from the folk of the
town, and it is viewed by hundreds of persons daily. The hen probably weighs about
five pounds.

In place of the beak of the usual, everyday fowl is a nose, not of the Roman order.
There are the regulation nostrils, counterparts of those found on human faces. The
lips and mouth are those of a man, and
the tongue is similar to that of the human